

Halo, the Lost Legends

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Summary: Halo 3: Only this time, ITS MY WAY! Chapter three is UP AND WILLING TO GO! Readreview!

1. Toxic Hell

"Go, Go, GO! Amigo!"

>"Sir, is it... safe?"
"Damnit, Marine! If I needed your opinion, would I ask ya?"

>"Sir, no sir!"
"CLEAR THE AISLE! Chief a-comin' through!"
The marines all assembled against the walls, saluting the Master Chief with smarts. The Ark stood tall and proud behind him, piercing the sky with its deadly tip. The Chief nodded, a grin forming under his helm.
'These marines are smarter than I thought.'

>Seargent Johnson, AKA Johnson, or just Sarge, jogged up to the Chief. "Sir!" he saluted.
"At ease, Sarge. Wheres that damned covenant I made allies with?"

>"This way, sir!"
Johnson showed the Chief to a room, where the Arbiter sat.

>"Arbiter."
"Demon."

>The SPARTAN unslung his assault rifle, aiming it at the covenant bastard, "Better start talking."
"I'd rather you kill me," the Arbiter said, "than die by my own people."

>"Hmph. Noted," the Chief started pulling the trigger.
"Chief, DON'T." A female SPARTAN? Hmm... that was unusual. She walked in, garbed in full black MJOLNIR.

>"A SPARTAN 3, Hm? Well, incase you don't know, you take the orders from me." The Chief had worked on his self-esteem and his talking problem while alone in the ark.
"Oh, Chief, I know. I know," she grinned under her helmet. She extended her hand out. "M'names Nicole, SPARTAN number Idenfication 458."

>"I heard about you. You were sent back in time in Slipspace protocol, and entered in a so-called tournament called 'Dead or Alive'."
"That, is true as the deep blue, Chief."

>"Welcome to the sqaud, SPARTAN," the Chief grinned, slinging his assault rifle and shaking hands with her, "Arbiter, I'll deal with you. Later."
"Demon, kill me. I shall not see my people killed!"

>"I have some interrogation I'll use on you."
HARRUMPH. BAAAAAAA!
Drrr... "Damn! They're everywhere!"
>"No, God, No!" barked the Chief, unslinging his assault rifle, running out from the building, and aiming around him. Nothing... A sadistic Flood Combat form jumped up.
"I got this one!" Nicole barked, jumping up. She grabbed the flood, stuck a Plasma grenade to it, and kicked it. The zombie wasn't lucky, as it exploded.
>The Chief opened his mouth, and shut it. Here, was a woman who knew how to fight.<p>

"Star-struck, sir?" she mocked, dancing about him.
>"Get serious, soldier. Every one you kill, thirty more rise up."
She stopped. "Yes sir. Where can I get a weapon?"
>The Chief tossed her his side-arm. A simple .43 Magnum would do. "I owe ya won!"<p>

The flood rushed out, and Johnson himself unslung his assault rifle. He blew away a parasite form, and an infection form into two.
>The Chief, however, was using the butt of his gun, and blew away enemies from all angles.
Those, however, facing Nicole, were screwed. One jumped onto her visor, and she stuck it, and sent it packing into two combat forms. BOOSCH! They exploded.

"Everyone! Into the Ark! We'll hold them off from there!" the Chief barked, dashing into it himself.
>"We-are-screwed..." panted a marine.
"Shut that contraption what you call a mouth, PRI-VATE!" barked Johnson.
>The Chief sealed the door. Something flashed inside...
"Chief, I think its gonna get a helluva lot worse."

That was only chapter ONE of my new story, Halo- The Lost Legends. Stay tuned!

2. The Escape!

Woot! I think this stories gonna be a good'un... Let's move on!

Chapter 2: The Lost SPARTAN

>"Nicole, if I asked your opinon, I'd need an answer," the Chief snarled.
"Sorry, sir," apoligized the female SPARTAN.
>"Sir, we've got someone on the outside. And from the looks of things, hes another SPARTAN."

>A grim smile formed under the SPARTAN's helmet. A quick blast from his sub machine gun (SMG) brought down about 20 or 30 flood infection forms. He used the butt of his gun, and slammed it into the face of a Carrier form. POP! The parasites inside flew out, spreading like zombies.
"I'm gonna need a bit more firepower..." he decided, and glanced for something. There! A Gauss 'Hog! He sprinted to it, using the butt of his gun as a deadly weapon, and jumped in it. He quickly glanced at the ARK. "What a bunch of jerkoffs..." he scowled, and manned the turret. FFFOOOM! A rocket shot out, exploding on impact with about three Carriers. He grinned with satisfaction- the flood didn't stand a chance!

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FFFOOOOM!

>"What-the-hell... was THAT?" asked the Chief.
"From the looks of it, that helluva man SPARTAN got a Gauss 'Hog. Oh, damn! He is GOOD! Chief, you should take lessons, and grow some hair on yer chest."

>"Johnson, cut the chat. Everyone, check your weapons, we're gonna give them hell."
The score of marines, Johnson, and the two SPARTANS checked their weapons. John held up 3... 2... 1...

>"GO!"
The door of the Ark unhatched, and everyone jumped out.

'Huh?' thought the SPARTAN to himself, looking at the twenty-three charge out. He shrugged. "Screw it." He blasted away the Flood with ease, and satisfaction.

>"Everyone, get to a hog! SPARTANS in one hog, marines in all others!" There were about eight 'Hogs, three Gauss, five Manual-Turrets. Nicole, John, and the other SPARTAN all piled in one hog. Nicole enjoyed herself by throwing off random grenades, exploding all over the Flood. It was turning into a toxic hell, quick and fast.
The Chief opened his Comm. "Everyone, drive behind me! When I pull over, come with me!"

>By the looks of it, this was gonna be a long trip.<p>

3. To Build An ArmoryPOW

Chapter 3: The Trip and An Armory.

>"Oh, God..." moaned Nicole. Her bladder was full, and her skin itched, but she wanted to be as far away from the Flood as possible.
"What?" asked the other SPARTAN, blowing away a Combat Form.

>"Nothing."
"Cut the crap," growled the Chief, turning the wheel to the left. The other seven 'Hogs followed him. He pulled over, and hopped out. He gazed in awe at the secure building before him. "We're staying in there, Chief?" asked Nicole.

>"Yes. Get back in the 'Hog," he ordered, jumping in himself. He pulled back, and jumped over the small pedestal blocking the entrance. He drove up the stairs. There were 3 boxes there. Why not open 'em? The other seven vehicles pulled in behind him. They parked the 'Hogs in a order which they could drive out easily, and checked their weapons. "We're safe here," the Chief said, and checked his weapon, "I saw some boxes on the level before us. Go down and haul 'em up. Johnson, take about nine marines and do it."
"Sir!" Sarge Saluted, and picked nine marines. They ran off down the stairs, and grabbed a box. They hauled it up. "Chief... your not gonna believe this... theres weapons, food, water, ammo, everything we need!" said the stunned Johnson. The Chief hopped up with his alternated body, and peeked in. "Damn straight, get those other three boxes up here!"

>They did as ordered, and soon, they had about 30 MA5B Assault rifles, 70 silencers, 20 Snipers, 4 Jackhammer launchers, around 90 to 100 pistols, and even 40 shotguns. "We have ourselves an armory," grinned the Chief under his helmet. He took a sniper itself, and took around 6 clips of ammo. "Alright, Johnson, Nicole, and..." he pointed at the lone SPARTAN, "you, grab some weapons, and haul ass. We're gonna set up a patrol."
Nicole took a dozen frags, a MA5B assault

rifle, a silencer, and pistol ammo. Johnson slung a Shotgun across his back, and held a Jackhammer launcher in his hand. The lone SPARTAN, however, took two MA5B assault rifles, two silencers, a sniper, and a pistol. He slung a baker's dozen of frag grenade slung in his ammo pouches, and pocketed seven clips of ammo. John cocked his eyebrow at the man. He was silent, but he was a trained killer. They checked their weapons, and took a 'Hog. They removed the turret, and so two people could fit in the back. They set the turret up as a defence perimiter, and a marine manned it. Next to him was a sniper, behind him a Jackhammer Launcher.

>The squad of four took the edited Warthog, and drove out. Johnson and the other SPARTAN sat in the back. Nicole in shotgun, and John driving. He splattered an unlucky Carrier form, and sighted a building far away. He drove to it, and jumped out. "Everyone, take the fastest firing weapons, and slap silencers on them. You, hand me an assault rifle," demanded the Chief, extending his hand to the other SPARTAN. He dropped three clips of ammo, a MA5B assault rifle, and a silencer into his hand. John slapped the silencer on, and loaded the weapon. Two clips. They assembled around the door, and John tossed a frag in. BOOSCH! An unlucky carrier form exploded. "Go, Go, GO!" shouted the Chief, firing an expertly three round blast into a combat form, setting it down for good. Johnson popped an infection form with the butt of his shotgun, Nicole using a Frag as a brass knuckle, and the SPARTAN using a combat knife. The fight took fifteen minutes, and the entire half of the building was cleared out. They ran to a hall, and stopped. Out came the noise of plasma. "Covenant. Wait, let them wear each other down, then kill the survivors." They took this advantage to check their equipment, and five minutes passed. They ran in, the door sliding open. Inside were two elites, three grunts, and five combat forms. A rapid-fire burst of all the weapons left them down for good. John scanned the room around him. There was no exits, except for the one they entered in. "You, bubbleboy" Johnson pointed to the other SPARTAN, "Gimme a clip of ammo and two frags." The SPARTAN wordlessly did it. Johnson set them up against a suspicious part of the wall, and stood back. "Everyone, get back," he ordered, and fired a Jackhammer Rocket at the pile. They exploded, a door opening up.
"Chief, we got ourselves a couple of prisoners..." grinned Nicole, switching to stun rounds.

Back at the base, a marine with the dogtags 'Takeshi Onia', or Onia for short, was giving orders for an armory.

>"You, yes you! Take that load O' shotguns, and set 'em up against the wall, butt up. Aye, like tha'. No, watch that water! We need as much as we can get! Yeh, put it there. There we go- take 'em peaches and throw them- SET THEM actually- with the water. Not in the water, AGAINST the water. Like tha'. Okay, take 'em rocket launchers, set them across of the shotugns, and- NO! YOU RETARD! Gah, thats gonna be less rations for ya, ya faggot!" A poor, scared marine had fired off a Jackhammer, almost blowing his legs off. "Someone get him a medkit..." A marine brought up a medkit, and bandaged his legs. The marine unloaded a sniper, and gave it to him as a crutch. "Oi, someone has good brains aboot them! Alright, everyone, take a break. Get some rations and rest, its gonna be a hell when those four come back." Everyone did as ordered, and three men patrolled the area, switching out every four hours.<p>

That was only chapter THREE of the new saga! I'm gonna say there'll be about 20 chapters or so, maybe one every day, possibly two. Pe8ce!

4. Stranded!

Chapter 4- Real Prisoners of War/Stranded

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>"Chief, what are we gonna do? They're just a couple of elites!" exclaimed the quiet SPARTAN
 "Easy. We'll tie 'em up, take 'em back to base, build a teleportal thing-a-majig, and then roll 'em through it and see if it works!" said Johnson.

> "Johnson, I'd think it be best to keep your mouth SHUT," growled the Chief, pushing him away. Johnson quickly shut up. "We'll take them as a hostage, and then interrogate them."
 "Oh, I've got ways of that," grinned Nicole, picking one up by its throat, "Oh, they're knocked out. Oops, my bad."

> "Alright, Johnson, Nicole, take the 'Hog back to base. Get another one, take the turret off, bring some ropes."
 "Aye, Chief," they both said at once, saluted, and ran off. "Shotgun!" "Shotgun! Fuck!"

> "Alright, you. I'm sick of calling you simply 'you', so give me some information."
 "Sir," the SPARTAN saluted, "I am Andy, SPARTAN 459."

> "Well, you know who I am. John, Master Chief, last of the SPARTAN IIs. Now, help me get these bastards out of here and outside."
 The two quickly grabbed the three elites, and made sure they were still alive. One wasn't, so they simply blew his body to absolute shreds. Andy enjoyed doing so.

> "UUUuuhhh... sir, you're not gonna believe this. Our 'Hog was blown up by the damned flood," reported Johnson.
 "You gotta be fuckin' shittin me," growled Andy. He dropped the body, unslung his assault rifle, and ran out. It was true, it was blown up. "GOD DAMN!" he barked, firing off random bursts, "Get out here and show y'selves! I'll kill you! D'you hear me? I'LL KILL YOU!"

> John ran out, and slapped Andy in the back of the head. "Settle down, s three. We'll survive. Get back in base." He sighed, and slung his weapon. Andy jogged inside, and sat his back against the wall. John shut the doors, and remained in the room where they fought the final Flood before finding the P.O.Ws.
 "Chief, what should we do?" asked Johnson, taking off his cap and wiping his bald head.

> "We don't panic. Everyone, take off your helms. We'll need to use them and make a strong signal to contact the marines."
 The three SPARTANS did so. For those of you who don't know, John's skin was pale, he had brown eyes and hair. Nicole was fine, she had tanned skin, blue eyes, brown hair. Andy had black hair and grayish brown eyes. They set their helms in a triangle. The Chief quickly deassembled his Sniper rifle. He took off the barrel, and set it in the center. He put the rest of the parts beside it, wiring wires to a helm. He tested it.

> "Marines, come in. Marines!" he barked. Nothing. <p>"Damnit, Chief. We're so screwed.<p>

* * *

>Hey Ya'll! Fourth chapter on the second day! This here is a damn good story! Anyways, sorry its so short. It'll be longer and funnier near the end, I promise. <div>

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